

Loss of War

by Sunlance

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Summary: In a world where war has been waged for generations, loss is a certainty. However, when this loss hits close to home we follow the feelings of our favourite viking teens and how they cope with death. Rated T just in case.

1. Hiccup

****Just a little one shot for each of the main viking teens in How to Train your Dragon. First up is 7 year old Hiccup and how he felt after his mothers death whilst finding comfort in an unlikely friend. Have fun reading!****

* * *

><p>The day I lost my mother, no matter how young I was, made me realise the importance of this war, the reality of this never ending fight. It frightened me, more than I cared to admit. I cried for nights on end. I didn't care if was some crazy Viking weakness to show tears, I was seven and had just lost one of the most important people of my life.<p>

I'd tell you that I didn't leave the house for days, but then I'd be lying. The one thing that terrified me more than my mother's death was my father's rage. He thought it was his fault she was dead. He'd be crying one night and wrecking the house the next. That's why I spent most of my time at the cliff that overlooked the vast blue sea; Looking at the sparkling water as the sun set was magical. It made me forget everything, and that's all I cared about.

Because sitting there, looking at the calming waters that surrounded Berk washed away my fears. I could sit there and cry all day long and no one would bother me, no one would care about me showing weakness. Not even the other Viking kids.

There was one girl though, who would walk up to me just before dusk and watch the sunset with me. She always stayed silent, respecting me

and my loss. Never did she cough or yawn or sigh. She just stood there, watching the day end as I cried my heart out to magnificent blue sea.

One day, the day when I asked her what her name was, I saw the pity in her eyes. It made me angry at first, just like it made my father angry when people tried to talk to him these days. But then, just as I was pulling back my weak and scrawny fist, she got there first, punching the arm that I hadn't raised.

"Ow!" I whinged, rubbing the sore spot on my arm and glaring at the girl. "What was that for?" I snarled but she seemed unfazed by my anger. She softened her gaze, a small smile creeping onto her face.

"You were going to punch me. Just thought I'd knock some sense into you first." She chuckled softly, and somehow seeing her smile made me happy too. It was like it was contagious. And then, something I never would have expected happened. She hugged me, patting my back softly in a comforting manor. I found myself resting my head on her shoulder, finding comfort in my silent friend.

She broke the hug, moving away slowly as if I was fragile and going to break at the slightest bit of movement. I couldn't really blame her, I felt like glass that was ready to break. "And what was that for," I asked.

"Comfort. That's what friends do, right?" The way she said it, so simple yet so complex at the same time, made me wonder if that was the reason I fell in love with her. But without a second thought she turned away. She started walking away, only to turn around and face me one more time, her face more serious. "By the way, I'm Astrid."

I blinked, stunned for a moment. She turned to leave again but I ran up to her and caught her arm, spinning her around so I could flash her a light, toothy smile.

"I'm Hiccup. Thanks, Astrid for everything."

* * *

><p>I know Astrid kinda hates hiccup in the film, but I was thinking why couldn't they be friends when they were younger? So Kid Astrid is comforting Hiccup. However, there will be a reason as to why she's so cold to everyone and that will be shown in her reaction to her parents deaths and how she copes with it. Next up will be Fishlegs' feelings on losing a parent. Imaginary cookies to everyone who reads this, and until next time, see ya!

2. Fishlegs

**Right! Now that I've finished writing this chapter, its off to do some coursework. Unfortunately... **

**Anyways guys, this chapter is about Fishlegs, hope you enjoy! **

* * *

><p>It as only after weeks of waiting for them to return, weeks of

waiting for the unbelievable joy I would feel when they came back, that I realised how much this war would take from us. I knew war was dangerous; I was an eight year old Viking after all. But all those stories only became real when my parents didn't return.<p>

It was the worst feeling I'd ever had. Watching as Viking after Viking walked away from the shore, leaving behind wrecked boats and lost souls. Leaving behind my parents. My family.

"Fishlegs, my boyâ€|" My uncle had said, trudging up to me after another hopeless battle out at sea. "I'm sorryâ€|"

It was until later did I truly understand. When the day became dusk, I was still stood there waiting. When dusk turned to night, I was still waiting. As the night stretched on my smile faded, my hope died.

In the early hours of the morning, just as the sun was breaking over the horizon, I ran. I ran away from the true Viking life, full of fighting and running head first into life threatening situations.

I locked myself in my new room, hidden away from everyone but my uncle and his family. But even they couldn't comfort me.

As I cried for my parents, day after day, night after night, I watched as my friends left me. They couldn't help me even if they tried, because one by one they were losing their parents too.

After months, my uncle had become annoyed of my constant crying. He gave me a book and told me to read it; to learn every line inside out. "Do that," he said as he walked out of the dark and unusually quiet room. "And it will make everything better."

So I did as he said. I read it over and over. I dedicated my life to learning every dragon's name, every shape, every move and every stat. and as I learnt everything there was to know, the pain lessened. It went away.

And after all of that, after that book became my life, I was finally able to be happy again. It was my comfort.

I didn't care if it annoyed the other kids, because to me, that book meant everything.

* * *

><p>Short, I know. I promise the next one will be longer. I promise guys. But thats it for now, so free cookies to all of you!

3. Ruffnut

Sorry for the wait guys! But here it is, Ruffnut's chapter! Tuffnut's will be next (of course) and will basically just be this but from his point of view. Which means more detail into a certain death.

**Liluthien and Sador: _Thanks for the review! I'm glad you liked the first to chapters. And I kinda feel sorry for Fishlegs too, but it

was mainly just his way comforting himself and forgetting about his parents deaths. In every chapter we'll find out how they cope, and their stories will (hopefully) tie in with the film. :)_

>

****Anyways, on with the story!****

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><p>I stood near to the entrance of the woods, out of the way of angry Vikings and almost invisible to any who walked by. My brother had wandered off again, aimlessly searching for a goal he would never reach. I sighed, watching as the young children came running past. I rolled my eyes at their childish games.<p>

"Hey Ruff! Wanna play with us?" one of them called. He was smaller than the average Viking with messy brown hair. All of them stopped, waiting eagerly for my answer.

"Grow up," I muttered as I turned to walk away. However, the brown haired boy was persistent.

"Come on Ruff, don't be a spoilt sport." I turned back to the young boy, angry eyes glaring daggers at the group of children. The young boy took a fearful step backwards, but I didn't care.

"Spoilt sport you say? Is that any way to treat your elders?" I snapped, taking a vicious step towards them. Once again the brown haired boy moved away, his friends cowering behind him.

"Sorry!" the squealed, running back into the village crying. I stormed off in the other direction once I was sure they had all disappeared. I immediately headed for the one place I knew I could calm down. Unfortunately, it seemed today wasn't my lucky day.

There, just above me on the hilltop, was my stupid brother. I growled, angry that my twin had found the only place of comfort I had.

"What are you doing here?" I asked. He looked down at me, his eyes just as hard and bitter as mine. The scowl on his face showed he was in no mood to talk, but we both knew that this wouldn't end up with the two of us having a heart to heart.

"Why? Do I have to tell you everything now, sis?" He answered defensively. The moments that passed were full of tension and a rage that was threatening to boil over.

"It would help," I said through gritted teeth. We were full of animosity now, staring each other down and daring the other to make the first move.

We knew what this was about. It wasn't the kids from earlier, who were too childish to see the reality of this stupid world. It was the sudden loss of a family member that pushed us over the edge. Losing our father was what made our easily irritable selves more violent.

We knew the only way to ease the burden without hurting any poor soul who rubbed us the wrong way was to hurt each other. I would never admit it, but I was a little glad that I found him at my comfort spot.

After a few more seconds of circling each other, Tuffnut made the first move. He lunged for me, but I didn't dodge his attack. I lunged at him as well and we collided in mid air. But we didn't care. We got up and ran straight back at each other.

Neither of us would admit it, but we were glad that we had each other.

* * *

><p>Hope you all enjoyed this chapter! Stayed tuned for the next one!

End
file.